

# the NATIVE VOICE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, INC.

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## Indian Picture-Word Carvings Found on Rock



**MORE THAN 50 SYMBOLS** have been carved on limestone rock face in Burleigh Township, 30 miles north of Peterborough. It is the only discovery of its kind in South-eastern Ontario. Blue Mountain mine worker Everitt Davis, one of the three mining men who located it, is shown beside centre "picture panel."

### Pre-Historic Petroglyphs in S. E. Ontario

PETERBOROUGH, Ont. — One of the rarest finds of prehistoric Indian petroglyphs — picture-story rock carvings — was located earlier this year 30 miles northeast of here by three mining men.

Heads of the department of archaeology, Royal Ontario Museum, who listened to a description of the showing over the telephone, said it was probably quite rare. They have only three other reported finds in the province; a four cubic-foot carved boulder on a lake at the southern edge of Algonquin Park; rock carvings in the Lake Nipigon country and in the southwest corner of Ontario close by the Manitoba border.

The present Burleigh Township carvings may be some of the finest in Canada, certainly in Southeastern Ontario. They are thought to be of Algonkian handiwork and probably pre-date the coming of the whiteman in this district (Champlain) in 1600.

Vice-President Ernest Craig, geologist Charles Phipps and workman Everitt Davis, all of American Nepheline Mines, located the carvings on a shelving limestone face while prospecting about two miles southwest of the mine pro-

perty boundary.

The symbol of a life-sized heron, cut about one and one-half inches into the soft rock, was located first and more than 50 other symbols of figures, a sun, serpents, animal tracks, birds and deer were spotted on the rock outcropping.

The symbols appear to have been carved in three connecting panels which, by their flow of design, suggest a story. The few em-

ployees of the mine who have braved the rough bush and black flies, to look at the carvings first hand, have outlined the symbols with charcoal to make them visible for photographic record.

There is evidence of many weatherbeaten symbols at the base of the 15-degree incline that have been eroded beyond recognition. This may be one indication of their antiquity.

The picture patterns on the smooth limestone face spread over a total length of 50 feet and to a depth of 40 feet. The find is situated roughly two miles north of the east end of Stony Lake, five miles south of Jack's Lake and about two miles southwest of the mine property. The discovery was made in inhospitable country which probably accounts for its not being brought to light before this.

CONTINUED

By KARONTOWAMEN

## SHADIAH - - - The ARROWHEAD

We received messages from time to time telling us of the great crowds that gathered to see Blackhawk on his way to visit the President, and the kindly manner in which the Great Chief treated him as his guest at the White House. He was showered with many gifts and was the life of every party he attended. President Jackson presented him with a medal in token of his friendship, and the great general who finally made him surrender made him a present of a cow which he kept and cherished till his death in 1838. Blackhawk was 71 years old when he died. I

could not tell whether my master ever saw the chief after his return from Washington or not, for it was just two moons after the departure of the great Sauk, that a tribe of our people, whose home was located somewhere on the Des Moines River, came to visit us (our home now being located close to Cedar Rapids on the Cedar River). While visiting with Hawk Tail, the son of the chief saw us hanging from the flag-pole with the firelight playing over us bringing to life the colors in the flechet feathers. He admired us to such an extent that before we knew it, we had been traded for a pile of beaver pelts. So now we had a new master.

I, for one, regretted leaving Hawk Tail. He had been very good to us, always seeing that we were kept sharp and our feathers, being the most beautiful he could get, were always kept in good shape by constant steaming.

Oh, yes, our new master's name was Poweshiek, which in Fox means Shedding Bear. He was just seventeen years of age, but big and strong as a full grown man. His father was the brave Pawishika whom we Sioux feared and hated because of the reputation he had for always beating them in battle, no matter how small his forces were. It was while on one of these expeditions that Poweshiek earned his feathers. You see, before a warrior could wear the Eagle plumes, he had to excel in battle. That is, he had to either slay, capture or count coup on his enemy. The latter was the hardest, although it appeared to be the easiest, for a man had to get close enough to an enemy to touch him with the coup stick, without he, himself, getting hurt. This always was considered great courage in the victor, but for the vanquished, it meant disgrace until such a time as he could square accounts with the enemy by he, himself, counting coup.

On this particular war trail, the great battle of the Des Moines River was fought, and in the encounter, young Poweshiek took two scalps and counted coup once. This battle was insignificant due to the fact that the Sioux had a party of almost eleven hundred men well mounted, and Foxes a little over five hundred warriors, some of them without horses. The battle was so furious that in the end the Sioux were routed, and left behind them nearly nine hundred dead and wounded. The Foxes' casualties were about two hundred dead and wounded.

This one engagement, then, entitled our master to wear three Eagle feathers, and thereafter was looked upon with great honor.

(To Be Continued)

## Jimalee Going To Galveston

By CATHRYN McCUNE

Are you fascinated by ancient tales of Mexican people . . . would a young girl's native dancing entertain you? JIMALEE BURTON (Oklahoma Associate Editor of the Native Voice) is enjoying the tales and dances performed by 21 year old DELORES NAVARRO from Chapala, Jalisco, Mex. Jimalee was privately instructed by Delores in Spanish during one of her recent trips to Mexico, and was so delighted with Delores that she invited the dark-eyed girl to stay in Tulsa . . . in Mexico Delores instructed many well-known artists and writers in Spanish, among them was the writer, Neil James who wrote, "Death On My Heart." . . . Delores danced in the Mexican exhibit at Philbrook Art Center in March and will perform on television today . . . in order to adapt herself to the United States Delores is studying at the Oklahoma School of Business where she is taking courses in typing and music . . . Jimalee plans to vacation soon in Galveston and perhaps will go to Mexico which has been an inspiration for her Indian paintings that have been exhibited in Denver, at the University of Arizona and at Riverside Gallery in New York City where she won a medal for her paintings.

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—Courtesy Vancouver Province

**SCALPING WAS JUST IN FUN** when the Welsh British Empire Games team was entertained at a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Lloyd Roberts August 10. From left are Team Manager E. H. Prater, who was made an Indian chieftain, Aileen Harding, and Mabel Stanley of Alert Bay's Kwakiutl tribe, wearing a century-old costume.

## Haidi Indians Honor Welsh BEG Team Head

The sound of chanting, the stamping of feet and the beating of drums, shouting, singing and dancing, and the intermittent thunderclap of bursting rockets filled the east end of Stanley Park Sunday night. Vancouver said a gigantic goodbye to the 800 athletes who have mingled with us and excited us over the last few weeks.

The occasion was an old-fashioned Indian Potlatch, complete with feasting, ritual and merrymaking, fires that threw long shadows in the dark, the smell of savory barbecued steer, of sweet watermelon.

More than 1000 athletes and their friends and hosts gathered round the tepees, the totem pole and ceremonial canoe of some 40 Indians from all parts of B.C. to watch rarely performed Indian dances and to see Welsh team manager Ted Prater made a Haida Indian chief.

For the Indians Mr. Prater is now Nee-Kil-Stlas, headman of the Brown Bear Tribe, their brother and counsellor who will welcome Indian athletes on the Canadian team participating in the B.E.G. of 1958, at Cardig, Wales. He is Hon. Secretary of the B.E.G. Council for Wales.

As Nee-Kil-Stlas received his name from Mrs. Annie Dawson, a chieftainess of the Haida Tribe, and his robe from Mrs. Mabel Stanley.

ley, from Alert Bay, the Welsh team spontaneously burst into the traditional Welsh song Sospo Sach.

It is the song the Welsh sing on all their great sporting occasions to inspire their teams.

Mr. Prater was deeply moved by the ceremony. "We've all been working together towards brotherhood and fellowship," he said afterwards. "This ceremony is symbolic of everything we have been doing during the week."

He was astonished to see Chief Mathias Joe step out of the crowd to honor him. Chief Mathias had sat next to Mr. Prater at the coronation.

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# Discriminatory Signs Removed at Brotherhood Request

Cannery workers at Namu in a recent meeting of 154 Brotherhood and Union members, voted unanimously to do away with discriminatory signs that had been there for years and years. These signs were on the doors of two adjoining rest rooms for ladies. They read "NATIVES" only and "WHITES" only.

This decision to remove the signs in itself is trivial but as a reflection of attitudes of people nowadays, it becomes very important because it shows people as having more of an understanding of each other than was the case in the past.

It definitely shows that the once accepted but bigoted concept of the superiority of the white man is no longer "all the rage." It is a manifestation of the feeling of equality between peoples no matter what race. This relationship between peoples is a truly democratic one, wherein one party respects the other party as having certain rights of equality.

Last year the Native Brotherhood Business Agent, Alfred Scow, raised the question of the signs with management but nothing ever came of the interview.

This year, Scow with the Brotherhood Plant Committee, appeared jointly with the Union Shop Stewards' Committee to take up certain grievances and again the question of the signs was raised. The manager conceded that there might be a principle involved of the company condoning a discriminatory practice.

He further indicated that the condition had existed before he arrived as manager of the Cannery and that he thought that was the way people wanted it and therefore had not had the signs removed. When asked if he would have any objections to having the signs taken down if the membership in the cannery voted to remove the signs, he said, "No."

Scow concluded, "The signs have since been taken down. The move certainly indicates that there is an improved relationship among all the cannery workers whether white or native or of other racial groups."

**ADJUSTMENT OF BROTHERHOOD AGREEMENTS**  
Membership meetings at Skeena

River Canneries of some three hundred natives and Union members expressed the need for increase in wages and improvement of conditions. Equalization of Brotherhood agreements as compared to Union agreements with the Fisheries Association is a must this year as far as the membership is concerned.

The Executive of the Brotherhood in a meeting last spring, authorized Alfred Scow to look after the Cannery Workers' negotiations and to take up the matter of bringing the Brotherhood agreements in line with Union agreements.

On this issue, no agreement with the Fisheries Association Labor committee has been arrived at. Apparently the Labor Committee has been instructed not to finalise this request unless members of the Brotherhood Executive are present.

The President of the Brotherhood, Wm. Scow, said, "As Business Agent of the Brotherhood and acting under the authority of the Executive, you have to bring this matter to a satisfactory conclusion and there is no need to bring in the Brotherhood executive who in most cases cannot at this time leave their jobs to go to Vancouver. In a matter of this kind which is for the welfare of the membership the Business Agent must finalize the agreements to their satisfaction. There is no reason for the Fisheries Association to delay this very important matter because you have been authorized by the Executive of the Brotherhood and you have been advised by the membership, at meetings, of their request to establish equality."

The Union position on this matter is that there will be no settlement of the Cannery agreements until the question of equalization of Brotherhood agreements has been concluded.

**HOUSING CONDITIONS**  
One of the most important requests made by the membership of the Brotherhood is the one on housing conditions. These conditions are not the same in every cannery, some are better than others, but the overall picture showed that there is a definite need for improvements. The plan will be to deal with each Cannery separately with the individual companies concerned on what improvements are necessary.

Roughly, the changes required would include new houses, installation of adequate sanitation facilities, installation of electric lights and alleviating where necessary the problem of overcrowding. The lack of electric lights in some places creates fire hazards especially if the cannery workers work late and the children are left alone with gas lamps or coal oil lamps.

At one cannery, on the question of the houses, there is a 25 year old building which has been converted from a saltery into living quarters for several native families.

These problems are not only ones between the Brotherhood membership and the fishing companies but ones also that should be of major concern to the Health and Welfare department of both the Provincial and Federal Governments.

The position of the Brotherhood is that every effort will be made to bring about better conditions for its membership and for the natives as a whole.

## Beloved Mrs. Celina Russ Passes Suddenly in July

By WILLIAM BEYNON

We deeply regret to report the passing of Mrs. Celina Russ, beloved wife of Johnson Russ for many years District Vice-President of the Naas Area for the Native Brotherhood of B.C.

### Cash Donations Proposed For Tecumseh Statue

Detroit, Michigan.

Attention, Maisie Armytage-Moore (Hurley).

Dear Madam:

Kindly permit me space in your valuable paper.

Congratulations to Big White Owl for his splendid editorial in the April issue on the memorial to Brigadier General Tecumseh.

The spot where he fell mortally wounded is marked by an insignificant field stone. Let us all get behind this movement of a "Tecumseh Statue Trust Fund"; a bronze life-like statue be raised to one who gave his life for liberty.

Would your paper accept donations that this commendable project be brought to its completion?  
—Edward L. King.

### City Optometrist Stresses Good Sight

Vancouver, B.C.

The Native Voice,

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for sending your newspaper so regularly. I always look forward to reading it.

I visit Alert Bay and Ocean Falls regularly and have looked after many of the Native peoples there. In the future I am looking forward to improving the eyesight of many more.

It is particularly important to Indian people that their sight be good, as very often their safety and income depend on keen vision, particularly in the fishing industry.

—Robert Wenner.

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## Fine Publicity for B.C.

By HARRY DUKER  
Honorary Sec.-Treas., Totem-Land

**A**MONG other folk I had the honor of being invited to meet H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh at a reception given in his honor by His Worship Mayor Hume in the Hotel Vancouver on the evening of August 4th. The affair was scheduled as an informal one and my usual totem tie accompanied me on this auspicious occasion.

When Mayor Hume introduced me, imagine my surprise when His Highness remarked "That's a splendid Thunderbird." At that moment I would not have been surprised to find my British Columbia totem tie glowing more brightly than ever and my attachment to it at that time knew no bounds.

Mayor Hume could see I was proud of such distinguished recognition for our British Columbia totem and said perhaps His Highness would accept one of these ties. Further inquiry disclosed that the Duke would indeed accept one and on Thursday morning, August 5th, I had the honour to present one to him through his Secretary, in the Royal Suite of the Hotel Vancouver.

I understand that His Royal Highness was presented with a British Columbia totem, with its story and also some Indian sweaters for the two Royal children.

What finer publicity could we wish for British Columbia and I do certainly hope, in the not too distant future, to hear of the Duke wearing his world-famous totem tie and hope some enterprising newsman will be around when he wears it so that we may have a distinguished picture to add to our fast growing records proving that our totem tie is indeed world famous.

## Unity Their Only Hope

About a year ago I promised to send you typewritten news of Indian activities. Owing to an injury to my hand, so far, have been unable to operate a typewriter.

We are in the Council Fire, that is some members and some who are not members of Council Fire, are forming a Chicago Chapter of the National Congress of American Indians.

After reading the article in the June issue, by Chief Clinton Rickard and Wallace P. Anderson—I called our chief of chiefs—Eli Powless to see what might be done to help these people. I phoned several here to write their Congressmen and Senators on behalf of these Iroquois in New York.

I do not know what good it will do for in 1918 this happened to the Oneidas in Wisconsin, I also believe this is also scheduled to happen to the Menomenies of Wisconsin this fall. They will be on their own. After hundreds of years of broken treaties—for some tribes—less for others—I hope in this day, of greater gross materialism, the Indians will find greater unity among themselves than ever before. In this unity lies their only hope of peace and achievement.

Chas. H. Workman,  
Chairman of Membership,  
Indian Council Fire.

## Red Stone Indian Ceremonial Pipe

The following is a complete text of "The Red Stone Indian Ceremonial Pipe," a speech given by Big White Owl at the 27th Annual Border Crossing Celebration at Niagara Falls, N.Y., U.S.A., on July 17th, 1954. Upon the completion of his address he received a great ovation and was warmly congratulated by fellow speakers on the merits of his message.

By BIG WHITE OWL

Mr. President, Honorable Wm. E. Miller, My Indian Brothers of the Six Nations, Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls:

**I** AM very happy and thankful that "KITCHE MANITOU" (The Great Spirit) has spared me and blessed me with good health, enabling me to take an active part in yet another Border Crossing Celebration. A celebration commemorating the restoration of Border Crossing rights and privileges for North American Indians, granted to them by the Jay Treaty of 1794.

Today the talk I have to offer will be based on the Red Stone Indian Ceremonial Pipe—also known as The Indian Pipe of Peace—an article of Indian symbolism too often ridiculed by the White men, ridiculed because they have failed to comprehend its real significance. Even the modern Indian of today seems to have lost contact with its intrinsic value. In our time the smoking of tobacco has become a commercialized project. We have made of it a thing of pleasure rather than an act of reverence. We are drifting slowly away from the spiritual teachings of our wise forefathers!

Ladies and Gentlemen: I belong to a proud race of people, who by their wisdom, their courage and their fidelity, have earned for themselves the respectful title of "Grandfathers and Keepers of the Records." I am a survivor and direct descendant of the once great Lenni Lenape Nation, the Delaware Indians, the Councillors of Peace!

The bones of my early ancestors are buried somewhere beneath the largest city on this continent. Yes, my forefathers were the ones who welcomed the weary and half starved Pilgrims to the shores of this bountiful land. They were the ones whose every thought was of FREEDOM. They were the ones who despised slavery a thousand times more than death. They were the ones whose supreme and ruling

passion was LIBERTY. They were the ones who stamped their ideal and their invisible forms into every fibre and element of this wonderful land.

Those of us who live in this period of ever-changing panorama cannot fully comprehend the mystery and the sublimity of "KITCHE MANITOU's" great plan. We can only wait, patiently and quietly because Our Creator (Kishe-Lamo K'wang) works in a strange and mysterious way His wonders to perform. We know, He is the Master Architect of the Universe, and His will shall be done!

Today (1954) as we look out over the vastness of this land, we can see upon the ruins and ashes of our once peaceful villages, that a nation of pale-faced people have built a new way of life—a new kind of Caucasian civilization, which seems to be emblazoned with four terrifying and all-consuming monsters, namely: GREED, PREJUDICE, HATE, FEAR. I have found to my great sorrow, this new way of life is dissolving into itself ruthlessly and sometimes so destructively, all the silent and restful places of the land. It has attained some rather questionable benefits by converting, diverting and unleashing, the terrifying powers of Nature into implements of devastation and utter destruction. Yes, it would seem this new civilization is bent on mutilating, destroying, robbing, the fertility of our precious Mother Earth. How long shall we Indians sit back and watch this surging tide with impassive eyes? We cannot, and we must not, remain silent any longer. We must speak out against this kind of despoilation!

(To be Continued)

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## A Word From Col. Ted Davis

Long Beach, California

Native Voice.

Dear Sirs and Mesdames:

Please accept from eight hundred or more Indians and myself our appreciation of the very nice article about my 78th birthday, which appeared in the July issue of your paper. I will write Mrs. Burton in Tulsa, Oklahoma also.

I feel it a distinct honor to be remembered by the editors and staff of the Native Voice and by Clarence Joe, head counsellor of the Sechelt band and natives of British Columbia.

And, may I, in return, pass a compliment that comes from my full-blood Indian heart: I think your paper is the finest Indian paper edited on this continent, and have recommended it to many of my friends. The method in which you print these articles, your ideas of right and wrong pertaining to our people have my full approval.

It seems to me that all governments honored their treaties, then to dishonor those under these treaties, and that we Indians be allowed to make our own mistakes, and to not lose that which the forefathers of our countries promised us.

Again thanking you, and all of you, for your splendid article remembering me on my 78th birthday, I am,

COL. TED DAVIS  
(Silent Dawn)





—Courtesy Vancouver Province

HEADPIECES are worn by brothers Leslie (left) and Jimmy John of Nanaimo for the weird "Hum-Hum Dance" at North Shore Pow-Wow.

## Crowds Enjoy Colorful North Van Pow Wow

NORTH VANCOUVER. — Time turned back early in August as the tribes gathered to do the throb-

bing war dance in fearsome masks and totem hats.

Indian maidens sat at the doors of the teepees. The "Old Ones" beat the skin drums. Weird chants rose and fell under a glistening moon.

The occasion was North Vancouver's first annual Indian Pow-Wow jointly sponsored by Capilano Indian Community Club and North Vancouver Lions Club.

Two thousand people were in the stands erected by Lions members and lined the cinder track girded oval that is the pride of the Capilano Tribe.

Capilanos figuratively smoked the "peace pipe" with the Burrards and said welcome brother to the Westholms, the Nootkas and Kuper Islanders from Vancouver Island reservations.

Proud chiefs were there with names that roll easily on the tongue — August Jack, Dominic Charlie, Isaac Jacobs, Dan George, Jimmy John, Laurie Guss and Chief Mathias Joe.

Their white friends were there, too — Mrs. Tom Hurley, publisher of The Native Voice; Mayor Charles Cates of North Vancouver, with F. E. Anfield, formerly of Prince Rupert, who has just been appointed superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Vancouver area.

And the pow-wow accomplished what it set out to do. Funds from the successful event will help the Capilanos improve their sports field.

The Lions will be able to further their charitable work. But most of all the proud and colorful traditions and ceremonies of the B.C. Indians will not be allowed to die.

Great credit goes to the North Vancouver branch of the Lions Club in having Jack Laurillard direct the authentic Indian dances, and to Simon Baker, Lower Capilano Indian Reserve.

Particularly noticed were the

## Native Tribes Join In Marian Pilgrimage

On behalf of its readers who are Catholics, The Native Voice takes pleasure in presenting the following Act of Consecration of the Indian Tribes of Canada to the Most Holy Virgin on the occasion of the National Marian Pilgrimage of the Indians of Canada, June 26, 1954. Among the hundreds of Indians who joined in the trek to Cap de Madeleine on this date was Andrew Paull of North Vancouver and many other Native Indians. Representatives of more than 20 Indian tribes of Canada were represented at the Pilgrimage to Quebec.

### ACT OF CONSECRATION OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF CANADA TO THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN

On the occasion of the National Marian Pilgrimage of the Indians of Canada, June 26, 1954

*"O Mary conceived without sins, we, the Indians of Canada, wishing this day to place ourselves anew under thy special protection, choose thee for our patroness, our advocate, our mistress, and our mother. At thy feet we take the firm resolution of laboring all in our power, to procure thy glory, and extend thy service."*

*We desire, henceforth, to make solemn profession of belonging unreservedly to thee; walking in thy glorious footsteps, and imitating thy virtues, particularly, thy angelic purity, thy profound humility, thy blind obedience and thy incomparable charity.*

*This is the engagement we renew at the foot of thy altar, in presence of the heavenly court. Obtain for us, O tender Mother, the grace of being faithful to it, all our life, that we may merit the favor of being thy children during all eternity. Amen."*

beautiful dances by Jimmy John and Leslie John who did the bird dance of the Nootka Tribe.

Also a highlight were the wonderful dances and costumes of the James family of Kuper Island; Chief George and his band from Number Three Reserve; Chief Mathias Joe and the women of the Squamish Tribe who put on a beautiful exhibition of dances; Chief August Jack Khatasalahno; Chief Isaac Jacobs and Chief Dan Charlie all gave exhibitions of authentic Squamish dances.

These dances were repeated the following evening for the benefit of British Empire Games athletes.

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the Light of the  
World*

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# Tecumseh and the War of 1812

By NEWELL E. COLLINS

ON JULY 14th a council of war was held. The Ohio militia favored an immediate attack, but their officers were more cautious. The majority of the latter were of the opinion that it would be impossible to capture Fort Malden with the forces at their command. Not alone were the Americans inferior in numbers to the combined strength of the British and Indians, but the recently recruited farmers from Ohio and Kentucky were not to be compared with the highly trained and seasoned British troops. However, the Canadian militiamen and the Indians were continually deserting and Hull was hopeful that the fort might later be reduced by siege. In order to carry out this plan he found it necessary to rebuild the carriages of his heavy artillery. While this would cause considerable delay, at least it would give the army in the east an opportunity to prepare for a movement against Niagara. On July 19th Hull wrote that if no movement had been planned against Niagara at that time, his army would be opposed by the entire force of the province. Through inefficiency, indecision and misunderstanding, Dearborn had done nothing. Such was the lack of co-ordination that in one of his letters to the War Depart-

ment, Dearborn actually inquired who was to be given command of the operations in Upper Canada.

Hull's entire force consisted of 2075 men: The Fourth Regiment of infantry 483; Colonel Findlay's Regiment of Volunteers and Militia 509; Colonel Cass' Regiment of Volunteers and Militia 483; Colonel McArthur's Regiment of Volunteers and Militia 552; Captain Sloan's Troop of Cincinnati Light Dragoons 48. Probably the American force contained not more than sixteen or eighteen hundred effective soldiers, most of them inexperienced, poorly disciplined and untrained. With these Hull was expected to capture and hold the entire Ontario Peninsula.

Colonel St. George, then in command at Fort Malden, realizing that his position was none too secure, stationed one company, together with a few Indians at the River Aux Canards. On July 13th Hull sent a small reconnoitering force under Captain Ulrig, toward Fort Malden. They returned the evening of the following day, reporting that they had seen a number of Indians in the vicinity of the Canard River. There was but one bridge, and although it was but a small stream, the shores were marshy and it could not be forded. In order to prevent the Americans

from foraging from the Lake Erie settlements, the bridge had been partly destroyed and the "Queen Charlotte" had been anchored at the mouth of the river with a watch of whites and Indians maintained in ambush in the tall grass, to prevent repairs being made.

ON JULY 16th another scouting party of two hundred and eighty Americans under Colonel Lewis Cass was sent in the same direction. Near the Canard River a party of Indians was discovered hiding in the grass. In the skirmish which followed, all of the In-

dians with the exception of two, withdrew across the stream. One of these was taken prisoner and the other killed. It is reported that Captain McCullough scalped the dead Indian, tearing off the bleeding scalp with his teeth. According to Canadian records, a council of war had been called at Fort Malden some time earlier and a solemn promise exacted from the various chiefs that they would refrain from scalping and murdering prisoners. However, upon learning of the above incident, the Indians repudiated their promises and swore vengeance against the Americans for instituting a practice which they had agreed to abolish.

After this engagement the American officers proposed to construct floating batteries, each with a twenty-four pound gun, to attack the "Queen Charlotte," which was still at the mouth of the creek. This plan was not approved by Hull, but a night attack upon the boat was arranged. However, on the night chosen, the weather cleared sufficiently to make the attacking party plainly visible, so this attempt was barren of result.

A detachment of Captain Sloan's cavalry, sent on a scouting expedition, reported that a large body of Indians had gone up the Detroit River and Colonel McArthur with one hundred men, together with Colonel Findlay's rifle corps were sent in pursuit, later followed by Captain Smith of the Detroit Dragoons who had orders to proceed to the Thames River. This party penetrated a considerable distance inland and, contrary to the promises made in Hull's proclamation, they returned on July 17th with two hundred pounds of flour and four hundred blankets taken from some boats which they had captured in the Thames. They also brought back some eight hundred fine merino sheep. These sheep had been imported at great expense by the Earl of Selkirk in connection with his efforts to establish a colony of Scottish Highlanders at Baldoon, on the Sydenham River, not far from the present site of Wallaceburg.

(To be Continued)

## Man's Heritage Lives Forever

My Dear Mrs. Hurley:

For many moons now, my voice has not been heard at the Council. I would not speak now if it were not necessary. But if I were to hold my tongue, and keep my silence, I am afraid that forever after my mocassins would tread the paths of regret and bitterness.

I wish to speak of our friend, Mr. Weir, whose remarks about Totem Land cut very deeply my sense of fairness and brotherly love.

If Mr. Weir were to put aside his feeling of superiority, and put himself in the mocassins of his fellow Canadians, I believe he would soon find, that being of the minority is not always an asset, but many times a liability. I mean by this that the only way the Native Canadian can, and has, of telling us his history and his background is by the use of his Totems, and many of his ceremonies. It is true that his Totems and his ceremonies are more talked about of now than ever before. That is because his white brothers are at last becoming interested in the things that they know are a part of the Indian, even as the color of his skin. If you were to take that which makes him an Indian, you take his dignity.

The "Ugly Totems," as you call them, are the history of his glorious past, telling him and his children of the things that happened long ago.

Is it a sin to tell of one's history? Do not our historians place our books where everyone can see and read them? Maybe to our Natives they are ugly also. But do they condemn them? No. In their patient understanding way, they try to learn the ways of their brothers.

Let us be fair, Mr. Weir, and as I said before, I would be filled with regret that such a remark could be made in this day of "anti" discrimination; and I would also be a little bitter to think that the things these great people gave us were being pushed aside and ridiculed by a few misunderstanding individuals.

I once heard a great man say, "You can take away a man's home, his land, and those he loves dearly, and he will go on in spite of all. But take away a man's heritage and his dignity, and you take everything; and he soon dies."

Mr. Weir, I know you are a good man with misunderstandings, so put yourself right with your fellow men; and learn to live with them. They will probably be here when you are gone, and so will their Totems.

I have spoken,  
Karontowamen.

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# Many Native People at Namu Cannery

By KITTY CARPENTER  
Coast Associate Editor

Our Namu plant is in full swing again with our usual group from Kitimat, Rivers Inlet, Bella Coola, and Bella Bella. There are close to five hundred people in our Native section, 218 children under 16 years for three nurse maids to watch over while mothers are at work. The nurse maids are Mrs. Clara Wilson, Mrs. Mercy Wilson, and Mrs. Kitty Carpenter.

Our plant committee, includes Mrs. Esther Carpenter, Mrs. Beatrice Star and Mrs. Kitty Carpenter. Dr. P. Narod is our plant

doctor.

Our Vacation School ended Friday, July 16 with a program by the children and enjoyed by all. Many thanks to all volunteer helpers: Mrs. M. J. Hardie, Mrs. Rita McDonald, Mrs. Joyce Rhodes, Mrs. A. Fredricsen, Miss Tina McIntosh, Mr. Jim Scantload, and (Mrs. E. Carpenter, pianist), and Mrs. Kitty Carpenter.

Our daily attendance was from 55 to 72 with Mr. E. Files in charge, and sponsored by the United Church of Canada. Mr. Files spent two weeks at Butedale then two weeks at Klemtu and Bella Bella.

We parents are very thankful to the United Church for their in-

terest in our children.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Johnston Russ of Greenville, Nass River. Johnston Russ also is very ill and is greatly missed by the Native Brotherhood as he is the ablest man of the Naas. Their nephew, Frank Calder, is with us again.

Mrs. Maggie Windsor is leaving for Vancouver tonight. She may have to go through an operation. Our best wishes to Mrs. Windsor from the Namu women.

And my best wishes to all Cannery Workers and a word of thanks to Alfred J. Scow for all he is doing for us.

STORIES BY JOE ELLIOTT

## You Can't Eat Money

The quiet village of Kuper Island lies north of one of the largest sawmills of Canada at Chemainus, Vancouver Island.

The game hunters of the village were away hunting and the fishermen had just returned home with abundant game, salmon and cod. They were waiting for the high tide so they could get their valu-

able cargo nearer to their dwelling.

One man, a watchman of the village, took a stroll down to the water's edge to see that all was well with their boats (canoes). While on the beach, the village watchman looked across the bay. To his surprise he saw a large sail boat. Never saw one like it before. It came drifting right into the village harbour.

Alarm sounded. All men manned their canoes, paddled out to meet the strange intruder. No one in sight. Natives paddled around to examine this strange object. Some of the men were feeling the boat with their hands to make sure it was real.

A sailor came on the scene and looking down on the almost naked natives, he spied venison and fresh fish in their canoes. In his mind, he thinks that the members of the crew would like some fresh meat and fish.

He threw a silver coin in the boat (canoe) that was loaded with venison. An Indian picked it up, examined it, and they looked at each other.

Then he bites the coin. No impression, so he threw the coin back on the ship. The sailor thought of what to do next. He then got some hard tack and tossed it into the canoe. It was given the once over. Bit it. Good. One hard tack for a venison. Fair exchange.

This is the story as told by Casey Gibson, of Chemainus, one of the few remaining storytellers, to Joe Elliott, Duncan.

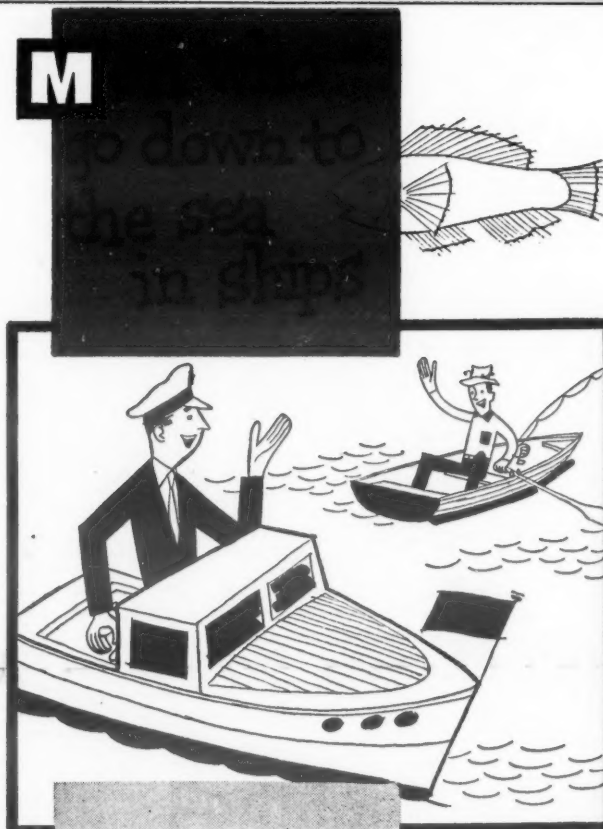
## Not An Ornament

Nanose Bay was the home of a large settlement of Indians. Today there is just three of four families remain.

In the early days, Indians used crude implements to make their canoes which took a long while to make a single dugout canoe.

Early white people going from place to place anchored their sail boat near the Indian village. During their stay, they saw the canoe builder at work. So it was decided to give the canoe man an axe to lighten his work. Departure was so sudden there was no time to fit the handle in the axe.

Indian left to do the best he could. Years later same boat returned anxious to see how the native axe man was progressing. Found him with cedar branch made into rope strung through the axe head wearing the axe as an ornament and the handle as a cane. It was taken off his neck and handle fitted and he was shown how to use it. See. Now Itka Nika Kum Tack.



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# My People, the Maliseet Indians

By Kelly Brannen

THE WORD "Maliseet" or "Maliceet" (it used to be spelled "Malicite") means "poor speaking" or "broken voiced." According to tradition, there were certain of the Micmac tribe who could not talk the Micmac language plainly, and the other Micmacs made fun of them, which kept up a continual row and hard feelings. Finally, the Micmac chief called all those together who could not speak plainly and gave them canoes and supplies. He told them to go to the St. John River and make that country their home.

Champlain visited the mouth of the St. John River on June 24, 1604. It is not known if he was in touch with the Indians at all. The first white men who are really known to be in touch with the Maliseets are the explorer Dumonts and some of his sailors who made a trip up the river to Ackpack, an Indian village about 5 miles above Fredericton on Savage Island. He and his companions were the first white people ever to see the Fredericton district. The first white people ever to try to settle in the Maliseet country were Scotch.

They tried to build a fort at the Mouth of the Nashwaak River but were driven off by the Indians and killed in a running fight with them. They went up the west side of the river and the last were killed near Long's Creek, 18 miles above Fredericton.

With the establishment of Que. and Port Royal, the Indians got

## Introducing Kelly Brannen

Editor's Note:

I wish to introduce to our many readers, a very lovely girl of Maliseet Indian ancestry, who recently became a member of the Toronto Indian Club, deeply interested in North American Indian culture, past and present, and extremely proud of her native ancestry.

Miss Kelly Brannen is employed as secretary by the Odeon Theatres (Canada) Limited in the city of Toronto. Our sincere thanks to you, Miss Brannen, for your brief sketch on the Maliseet Tribe of New Brunswick.

—BIG WHITE OWL

really in touch with the French. Many intermarried with them and so a lot of white blood got in the tribe. The white races, both English and French, brutalized the poor Indians. They were fighting with each other a lot, and offered the Indians much money for scalps. The price of a scalp ran as high as \$121.00. Considering the very low price of commodities in those far off days, that was a great deal of money! No matter which one of the white races won a war, the Indians always lost. Their forests were cut down and the game shot off. With the coming of the Loyalists, the Indians were again in for hard luck. A lot of their hunting grounds were taken and much game was shot off.

It is not generally known, but there was a considerable agitation among the Indians to rebel against the whites. The Indians would go into the white peoples' houses and take food and anything else they

wanted. They kept this up until the Governor had to send a letter to the Chiefs telling them to leave the white people alone or they would bring down the wrath of the king on them and that would be their ruin.

Much credit should be given to a Maliseet brave named "Big Louie" for averting a rebellion which certainly would have occurred had it not been for him. He was a brave possessing both muscle and brain, and realized the futility of an uprising. The big brave never posed as a chief, but his word in council ruled the day. His intelligence was recognized by the Indians and his voice in council always was followed. He lived at Grand Lake near Indian Point.

The Indians made a fairly good living in the old days. They sold wild meats, salmon, trout, shad, etc. to the whites. They also made axe handles and pantry boxes (these were made of birch bark) baskets and quite a variety of Indian wares. The men acted as guides and were wonderfully good. With the forming of the Guides Association in 1899 or 1900, the guiding business was taken over by white men. Game laws were enacted and enforced and the white men have taken over the

trapping grounds, so the Indians have nothing.

Some Indians work as carpenters now and are very good at it. The women some times help white women keep house and do house cleaning, etc., but the Indians can't live from the forests any more and the Indian arts are being lost. Jim Paul, the last birch-bark canoe builder in the New Brunswick district, has been dead many years.

The white people imposed shamefully on the Indians. They beat down an Indian's price for a canoe and got it from the poor Indian for as little as \$5.00 when they knew it was worth at least \$25.00 even in those days. The last Indian who killed a white man did so at Lake George in 1828. The Indian had wounded a caribou and had followed it several hours. It ran into a farmer's yard. The farmer shot it.

The Indian claimed it — but the farmer drove the Indian away. He came back and shot the farmer. He got away by walking the rail fences, but the white men followed the Indian. He had a woman with him. The tracks led to an air-hole in the ice on the river. The woman's tracks also went no further. The Indian pair was never caught.

White children were often forcedly adopted by Indians, the last one being Miles Haines, kidnapped in 1852 at Scotch Lake. He was found after he had grown up into manhood. He was completely Indian and had an Indian wife, but occasionally came to see his people.

This seems to be about all that I can dig up on the Maliseet Indians at present. I got this information from Mr. Charles A. (Ted) Taylor, a long time friend of my late father. He and my father were for many years, members of the New Brunswick Historical Society Fredericton.

## FRIEND OF INDIANS

### Dr. W. Lighthall Passes

Dr. W. D. Lighthall, Q.C., noted historian and author, aged 96, died in his home in Westmount, Que., on August 4th. Among his many achievements was that of arousing the Iroquois' interest in their own history.

Dr. Lighthall's historical novel on the last days of Hochalaga was used as a basis for a pageant celebrating the tri-centenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain. (It was from this epic that Phoebe Erskine MacKellar gave an excerpt, at the Indian Club of Toronto Banquet, recently. The selection depicted Hiawatha in the act of founding the Iroquois League for Peace.)

In 1909, during a performance of the pageant on the waters of Lake Champlain, Dr. Lighthall was raised as an Iroquois Chief and given the name of Ticonderoga.

In his professional capacity as lawyer, Dr. Lighthall took an active part in helping Indians straighten out land problems in the Six Nation Reserve, Brantford, Ont.

He was an intimate friend of Pauline Johnson and her family, and told many anecdotes in connection with her visits to his home in Montreal.

Dr. Lighthall's interest in historic sights led him to the discovery of an ancient Indian burying-ground on the slope of Westmount Mountain. The contents of one of the graves are now housed in the Chateau de Ramsey Museum, Montreal, of which he is the founder.

His daughter, Alice, is the new president of the Women's Branch of the Historical Society associated with this museum. Miss Lighthall is carrying on her father's interests in many fields. For a number of years she has headed the Indian and Eskimo Committee of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild.

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